This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

23412
20.5
WIDENER
HN N9CY W

23472.20.5

J. Rogers Rees
Sermon
May 1911

416

Harvard College Library

FROM THE BEQUEST OF

SAMUEL SHAPLEIGH

(Class of 1789)

LATE LIBRARIAN OF HARVARD COLLEGE

WORDSWORTH AT RYDAL.

WORDSWORTH

AT

RYDAL;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

TINSLEY PRATT,

JOHN HEYWOOD,
DEANSGATE AND RIDGEFIELD, MANCHESTER;
29 & 30, SHOE LANE, LONDON, E.C.
1897.

23472.20.5

HARVARD COLLEGE
SEP 13 1923
LIBRARY

Shapleigh fund

NOTE.

Six of the Poems contained in this volume were contributed some years ago to Mr. James Henderson's paper, "Old and Young, and my thanks are due to its editor for permission to include them here. Of the rest several are reprinted from *The Manchester Quarterly*.

O, restless spirit, craving still,
Against the forces of the will,
For some unrealised delight,
Beyond the bounded human sight ;
Dost thou for ever soar and range
Only from feeble love of change ?
Or do these yearnings, past control,
Betray the strong imprison'd soul ?
Oh surely in some clearer day,
The goal will justify the way ;
And hope, become fruition, prove
That life's dark maze was traced by Love.

—GEORGE MILNER.

TO

GEORGE MILNER,

WHOSE OWN POEMS

ARE ENDEARED TO MANY HEARTS,

I DEDICATE

THE BEST IN THIS VOLUME.

CONTENTS.

WORDSWORTH AT RYDAL 11

A DREAM OF SPRING 16

SONGS TO SYLVIA: SEVEN LYRICS 20

SONGS IN IMITATION OF THE ELIZABETHANS:

"Now the Snow"... 29

"When the Bloom"... 30

"Greet the Hero!" 32

"It is the Lark!" 33

"Bright Orb of Night" 34

IN PRAISE OF HER: THREE LYRICS 36

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS:

A Doubting Heart 43

To a Young Friend 46

"I saw thee when" 48

Time and Change 50

A Requiem 51

Love's Gifts 52

Two Friends: An Allegory... 54

"The Wind comes up from the Sea" ... 56
The Mighty Dead... 57
Lines on the Death of a Caged Linnet ... 57
Absence... 58
A Poet's Grave 58
Lines written in North Wales 59
A Melody 60
"The Spring hath its Blossom" 62
To my Mother 63

SONNETS :

To a Child 67
To England 68
The Happy Life 69
The Silent Land 70

WORDSWORTH AT RYDAL.

> ". . . *For the sake*
> *Of youthful poets, who among these hills*
> *Will be my second self when I am gone.*"
>
> —WORDSWORTH : *Michael.*

WAS it the linnet's song I heard
Among the trees, or that lone bird
Above me, whose delirious strain
Woke in my heart a touch of pain?
I cannot tell, but if it were
Some spirit of the woods breath'd there,
And sought to draw my thoughts away
From cares that fill man's fitful day—
I felt the touch—I heard the song,
Melodious, clear, and brave, and strong!

Thou, too, dead bard, perchance hast stood
Within this present neighbourhood,
And listen'd to the song I hear,
And known the spell that shuts out fear ;
Or felt the deep pulsations beat
Within the heart, when from the heat
Withdrawn—the dreamer laid at ease
Beneath the sheltering summer trees—
Nature breaks forth upon the sight
In all her seemly raiment dight !

Behold outspread the silent hills ;
The gleaming rivulet that fills
The valleys with cool spray below ;
The lichen'd rock ; the river's flow !
Still have we these, but where is he
That sang their charms—whose soul was free
From taint of earth, and knew the store
That Nature for her children bore ?

Ah, where is he? the hand is still
That erst hath touch'd the chords at will,
And in these beauteous scenes hath found
Deep truths set to melodious sound.
Where shall we turn? what harp the while
Must now the tedious hours beguile?
And shall no single bard of worth
Lift from our souls the cares of Earth?
The touch is gone—the note hath fail'd
That once upon our hearts prevail'd,
And held the balm that might assuage
The sorrows of this whirling age!
Though fifty years are well-nigh sped
Since thou wert laid among the dead,
And oft a tuneful note since then
Hath fallen on the ears of men—
To thee we come: thou canst inspire
Our fainting souls with eager fire,
And yield to weary hearts and low
The calm that only thou dost know!

I see thee clad in homely grey,
A traveller on the dusty way,
O'er rough and smooth—by lake and fell—
No path but thou hast known it well;
Helvellyn's top, and Fairfield's brow,
Or the steep slopes of Silver How;
And oft hath Loughrigg felt thy tread,
Or sovereign Skiddaw's lofty head.
A thousand times shall Esthwaite lake
A splendour from the morning take,
And feet—where thou hast trod before—
Shall pace anew its pleasant shore.

Each lilied cove, and reedy beck,
Shall summer's fair profusion deck;
And other eyes than thine shall view
Where once the early primrose grew.

. . . . . .

Green is the turf enfolds thy grave
O poet! and above thee wave

The boughs of sycamore and yew;
While dear ones round thee sleep that grew
Beside thee unto sober years,
And brought thee pleasures fraught with tears!
Sing, Rotha, o'er thy stony bed
A requiem to the hallow'd dead—
The tones he lov'd, that oft before
He sang by Rydal's weedy shore,
And healing powers, unknown till then,
Brought home unto the hearts of men!

August 1st, 1897.

A DREAM OF SPRING.

"How good it is to live, even at the worst!"
—STEPHEN PHILLIPS: *Christ in Hades.*

WHILE yet beneath the wintry sky
The lone wind sweeps with bitter sigh,
And tall elms wave their arms on high,
Unheeding they;
But from my heart goes forth a cry
This bitter day.

The shadowy woods at eve are seen
Shorn of their robe of leafy green;
Dim twilight visions flit between
Each secret path;
Sole ray to cheer this joyless scene
The winter hath.

Dreams of a Spring with hawthorn gay.
Dreams of a summer past away,
Beneath the magic of whose sway
The heart beat true;
When through the long, warm summer's day
Love ever grew.

Yet shall the hedgerows bloom again,
Fed with the heaven's timely rain,
Nor shall my heart the while complain
In thankless mood,
But rather let the mind attain
Some thought of good.

A little while, and then shall wake
The cuckoo's music in the brake,
And Spring shall all her gladness take
Of flower and song;
Then let me rove, for her sweet sake,
The woods among.

And happy fortune shall be mine
To greet the early celandine;
Or, pausing, may at ease recline
On daisied sod,
To find within that flower divine
A star of God.

Or, in the deeper wood's recess,
Where rarely human foot doth press,
The queen of its fair wilderness,
A violet,
Regal withal in modest dress,
Shall love beget.

Then let the woods their bareness hold!
And let the bleak wind whistle cold!
And let what may the eye behold
In robe austere
Sleep, till the merry Spring unfold
The sweets o' th' year!

For soon the Spring shall wake again,
And dapple all the daisied plain;
The woods give forth their vocal strain,
The lark upsoar,
And through the portals of the brain
Its gladness pour.

Come when thou wilt! and if it be
With sorrow, yet I'll welcome thee;
Much gladness hast thou brought to me,
And twain we'll go
Across the meadows, fair and free,
Where daisies blow!

SONGS TO SYLVIA. I—VII.

Who is Sylvia? What is she
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

—SHAKESPEARE.

I.

NOW soars the lark o'er meadows green;
Now gleams the daisy in the grass;
And where the waking boughs are seen
The soul of spring doth sweetly pass.

The cuckoo calls from yonder bush;
The throstle's in the orchard tree;
And, in a momentary hush
Breathes all the spring's felicity.

A gleam of sun—a fall of rain—
  And health within the living breeze;
A song of birds—a weary brain—
  And thoughts of waving summer trees.

These—these come to me fraught with dreams
  Of all the silent summers dead,
And gilded with the sunny gleams
  Of hopeful paths before me spread.

Within my heart the spring doth wake,
  And some poor echo of her tone
I of her bounteous songs may take
  To flush the pulse within my own.

And Life comes borne on azure wings,
  When thou, love, break'st upon my sight:
Then in my soul an angel sings,
  And I put hence all thoughts of blight!

II.

Shall Helen claim the meed of song
  In praise of perfect beauty's worth?
Or shall to Laura but belong
  The note that finds in Love its birth?

Shall Beatrice be held divine,
  And claim the largess of his praise,
Who round his woeful brow did twine
  The sorrows of his hapless days?

Or, that fair, false Egyptian queen,
  Beside the fruitful Nilus' flood,
With her brave Antony be seen
  In all her shameless hardihood?

Ah, no, they do but sleep! the light
  That dawn'd within their radiant eyes
Still gleams within those orbs of sight
  That greet me with a glad surprise!

III.

I see thee in the dawn that breaks
  Above the misty eastern hill;
Reflected in the streams and lakes
  Thy radiant presence greets me still!

I see thee in the gorgeous light
  That fires the drowsy summer's noon!
And thou art present to my sight
  When sails above the crescent moon!

I see thee where the waters flash!
  I find thee oft by tarn and fell!
Or where the wild, white furies dash,
  Of all the long Atlantic swell!

Thy voice is borne upon the breeze,
  Fresh from the portals of the morn,
Like winds from far-off, summer seas,
  To hearts dejected and forlorn.

So com'st thou to my waiting ear;
  So com'st thou to my watchful eye!
And then I know nor doubt nor fear,
  Or dream that Love can ever die.

IV.

Take then, dear heart, the gifts I bring,
  And if they seem but poor indeed,
Think not I lack the power to sing
  Since love in thy dear looks I read.

But holding thee so great and good,
  I scarcely dare to wish thee mine;
And oft I sigh in doubtful mood
  For something of the song divine.

Then might I praise thee as I ought,
  And lavish from the dower of song
A strain of nobler accent wrought
  From dreams that unto Love belong.

Yet if, perchance, in time to come,
  One o'er these lines should hap to read,
When thou, and I, and love are dumb,
  Of praise thou shalt not lack thy meed.

So shall they say: "Though words do fail,
  His love for her was surely great,
And Truth shall over Time prevail,
  In accents of a heart elate."

V.

Behold how great a thing is love,
  That movest men to nobler aims!
Lifting the palsied heart above
  The baser lure of earthly claims.

E'en as a beacon in the night
  Touches the ancient peaks with fire;
So gleams the soul with meteor-light,
  Inspirèd by Love's deep desire.

Ah, not the beast that still doth range
  With freedom through the forest rude
Is unto Love's sweet solace strange
  Where foot of man dares not intrude!

Thou pluck'st the venom from the sting
  That in the scaly worm doth dwell:
Round each in its own kind doth cling
  Some magic of Love's subtle spell.

Ah, then, what may not *we* attain
  When o'er us Love asserts his sway,
And quickens still the teeming brain
  With longing for an ampler day?

Then by some deed of noble fame,
  Encompass'd in that golden age
Where all dwell heart in heart the same,
  There Love shall end his pilgrimage!

VI.

For one the trump of Fame shall sound
  And peal unto the lands afar :
Still let him ride, in glory crowned,
  And thronèd in his golden car.

While as the years roll o'er his head,
  Yet still he dreams of wars to be,
And leads, o'er armies of the dead,
  From victory to victory.

Then let the brazen clarion blow !
  And let the victor wear the crown !
Let armies toil o'er fields of snow,
  And tremble at their leader's frown !

Behold the end of all his toil !
  Ah, see the wreath is faded now !
Such battles won—such wealth of spoil,
  Ah, shall they soothe his dying brow ?

VII.

Such thoughts, dear love, will sometimes rise,
  And knock for answer at the heart :
Nay, love, it dwells within thine eyes,
  And in response I hold no part !

These visions pass before thy glance,
  And thou dost look them through and through ;
Thou scorn'st these idle gifts of chance,
  That out of vain ambition grew.

I hear thee say : " Where Love is not
  All earthly aims must surely fail ;
And hopes, of vanity begot,
  Shall never o'er fair Truth prevail ! "

Thou speak'st aright : the warrior's meed
  Of praise shall pale before Love's shrine ;
And poor shall seem his noblest deed
  Save Love doth lend his gift divine.

SONGS IN IMITATION OF THE ELIZABETHANS. I—V.

I.

NOW the snow is on the roof,
And the rivers frozen are;
Lads now put the ice to proof;
Palsied age doth shutters bar.
Where is he who would deny
Echo to the merry cry?
"Winter hail! and lusty wind
Lag thou never far behind!"

Now the master maketh cheer;
And the niggard counts his store;
Robin now has lost his fear;
Open stands the vicar's door—

Where come all save who deny
Echo to the merry cry
"Winter, hail! and lusty wind
Lag thou never far behind!"

So the years come round again!
  Let the holly deck the hall!
Be it pleasure—be it pain—
  Let us sing whate'er befall—
"Hence be those who would deny
Echo to the lusty cry
 Frost, or snow, or hail, or wind,
Each is welcome in its kind!'"

II.

When the bloom was on the bough,
  And the meadows fair to see,
Love brought sweets to deck my brow,
  Saying, "Nature but to thee
Doth her ample store allow."

Sang the lark upon the wing,
  Piped the linnet in the tree,
And my gladsome heart did sing
  Of all beauteous things that be—
Ah, but that was in the spring!

Came the summer, passing fair,
  Then he vowed he loved me well;
Twined the lilies in my hair,
  And the winds arose and fell,
Bearing fragrance everywhere.

Sere the leaf upon the bough;
  Dead my false love's heart to me!
It is but a broken vow,
  Falser than all things that be;
But my life is ended now.

Lay me where the daisies grow,
  And the winds of dawn sweep by:
Let the virgin winter snow
  Deck the earth wherein I lie;
Then, perchance, his tears shall flow.

III.

Greet the Hero! glory's treasure
Sweetly soothe his peaceful leisure;
Women's lips, and women's laughter
Shower bounties—death comes after!
    Rage not—do not rage!
    For Life's heritage
    Is, at best, a tomb;
    Think not of thy doom!
What is greatness, passing measure?
What is living, if that pleasure
From our hearts be banishèd?
From our hearts be banishèd?

Beauty is a thing doth perish!
Glory ever let us cherish!
Beauty's smiles, and Beauty's favours,
Aye be seals of Love's sweet savours!
    Beauty's lip, I sing!
    Beauty for the King!
    And the hero brave
    All that Love can crave!

What is greatness, passing measure?
What is living, if that pleasure
From our hearts be banishèd?
From our hearts be banishèd?

IV.

It is the lark! it is the lark
  That chants his matins to the sun!
And lo! the curtains of the dark
  Yield up their reign of empire dun!
Hail, bounteous light! Hail, fount of day!
  Thou glorious orb! resume thy sway,
And with thy wealth of splendours bright
  Dispel the terrors of the night!

It is the morn! it is the morn
  That lights the misty mountain tops!
The cricket stills his drowsy horn!
  The birds sing from the hazel-copse!
Hail, bounteous light! Hail, fount of day!
  Thou glorious orb! resume thy sway.
And with thy wealth of splendours bright
  Dispel the terrors of the night!

V.

Bright orb of night! that reign'st above
  Supreme within the starry spheres,
Thou bringest tidings of my love
  To banish all my causeless fears;
Thou hast a balm to soothe the mind
That moveth in dull ways and blind.

E'en as thou takest from the sun
  The glory of thy mystic light,
So from my lady have I won
  Whate'er in me is pure and bright;
Full poor art thou in aught of thine,
But in thy borrow'd light, divine.

Dear heart, then must I sing of thee,
  And of thy beauties will declare,
Since thou appearest aye to me
  Beyond all others fashion'd fair;
And whatso else doth please the eye
Is shap'd and nourish'd but to die.

But thou, since that so fair thou art
  Shalt an eternal empire hold,
Supreme within the nobler part
  That doth the soul of Love enfold;
Since love is ours, that bond alone
A deathless sovereignty shall own.

IN PRAISE OF HER. I—III.

I.

WHAT time the Spring did first unfold
Her presence o'er the gleaming hills,
When winds of March blew keen and cold,
She spared for thee her daffodils:
In sooth, it was a goodly sight
To see the earth so richly dight!

Then cam'st thou forth, and wander'd where
Beneath the trees they thickly grew,
Waving their golden heads in air,
Unheeding though the harsh wind blew;
Contented seemed they—full of glee,
And pleasant was the sight to thee.

Though now their blooms are faded all,
  And nought but wither'd leaves remain
Save where the hawthorn blossoms fall,
  To tell the Summer wakes again—
That gracious vision still doth live,
Nor can the past aught fairer give.

A year hence, from the bounteous earth,
  Shall they put forth new shoots of green,
And, waking to a gorgeous birth,
  Their golden pageant shall be seen;
But howsoever fair they be,
They shall owe much to dreams of thee.

II.

For thee the Spring shall lend her store
  Of virgin blooms to deck thy brow;
E'en Nature, pausing to adore,
  Shall all her honied sweets allow,
So thou may'st to the world be seen
In mould, in heart, in mind, a queen.

All winds that round about thee blow
  Lay blooms of May beneath thy feet,
That from those beds of scented snow
  May rise the hawthorn's incense sweet;
And star-like daisies in the grass
Shall bow their heads when thou dost pass.

The apple blooms are on the bough;
  The hyacinth is fair to see;
Laburnum chains are drooping now,
  All golden from the garden tree;
The yew puts forth a greener spray;
And ivy buds are silver-grey.

The cuckoo's note is on the wind;
  The lark soars in the heavens above;
Come forth, and bring a gladsome mind,
  Dear heart, for Nature breathes of love;
In sooth, thou canst not but be gay
Upon this merry morn of May.

III.

Lo, I will build a temple fair,
  And fence it round about with love;
And I will bring my lady there,
  While peace shall, like a holy dove,
Dwell ever in its calm retreats,
Shelter'd from passion's burning heats.

And I will raise a fountain pure
  Shall sparkle in a basin cool;
And arbours, from harsh sounds secure,
  And all the outer world's misrule;
Here shall my lady wander free,
Girt round with virgin purity.

Thus runs my dream—an idle song;
  Yet if thou find'st such meaning there
As doth to nobler aims belong—
  E'en though these halting lines declare
But poorly—and my words be weak—
The love that from my soul doth speak,

Thou wilt not slight the gift I bring;
  Thou canst not but be ever kind;
Love will attend on unseen wing,
  And thou wilt to my faults be blind;
Then whisper to thy heart, and say—
"The Muse hath fail'd my love to-day!"

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A DOUBTING HEART.

I HEARD a voice as late I pass'd
Among where men were gather'd round,
"Oh, end," it said, "this mortal strife,
For I am trodden to the ground;

"And what avails my ceaseless prayer?
And what avails my earnest hymn?
My travail end that I may sleep
Secure above a people's whim.

"For here inhabits what of self
Hath nearest gain to earthly ends;
And Truth, dethron'd, hath given place
To such as bestial passion lends.

"Oh, end the strife! that calm and free,
My soul may pass to purer joys,
Then shall I rest secure and strong
Above the turmoil and the noise."

The voice died off amid the throng,
And laughter came, and laughter went;
And words flew round from lip to lip—
None mark'd the voice all sorrow-pent.

Yet still the words rang in my heart;
I could not bid the voice be still
That, with a sad, recurring tone,
My weaker senses sought to fill.

And thus again it spake to me:
"O what in life hast thou to gain?
Forego the endless toil and change,
Behold, thy youthful hopes lie slain!"

This answer to the puling cry,
  In warmth of all my soul I gave:
"Let God, who gave me birth, still claim
  My purer part to be His slave;

"Nor shall I ask unto what end
  Do all Life's darker issues lead—
I shall not ask, believing still
  'Tis well, since that He hath decreed."

And I shall take whate'er of pain
  My nobler aims for me shall bring;
And take the scorn, and greet the cry
  Of whoso speaks an evil thing;

Believing that the soul shall reach
  Unto a nobler sphere of strength;
And whatso dawn'd with early gloom,
  Shall be restored to joy at length!

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

C. F. D.

SOME time, dear lad, this hand of mine
Shall cease, perchance, to clasp with thine;
But where I go, or thou may'st dwell,
It lies not in my power to tell.
But yet, I trust, if so it be
Nor time nor place shall utterly
Unloose the bond by Friendship tied,
While life in either doth abide.
Ah, could we know what Time shall bring
Of joy, or grief—or round us fling
Its toils of some unknown distress—
Should we not fail for weariness?
Enough! it doth within us dwell
If we shall fare or ill, or well;
And our own actions do control
The summit of Life's perfect whole.

But in our youth the means are found
That shape the larger manhood sound;
And in the cry of youth's desire
We catch the gleams of nobler fire.

The world is cold, and friends are few!
Life's summer doth the pathway strew
With blossoms that but last a day—
The breeze doth whirl them quite away.
The manly heart—the clasping hand
But Fortune's buffets can withstand;
Where these are wanting thou may'st know
Life then a sorry case doth show.

And so I bid you, friend of mine,
Take thou my hand, and give me thine;
Come to me whensoe'er you will,
And thou shalt find a welcome still;
Yet should my fortune be but low
My heart shall pulse with wonted glow;
And in the ashes of the past
Be all our former troubles cast.

"I SAW THEE WHEN THE TENDER GLEAM."

I saw thee when the tender gleam
  Of dawning maidenhood was thine;
And, ah! the blindness of the dream
  That I should hope to call thee mine!

The flush of youth was on thy brow;
  The vale of promise opened wide;
And Hope leaps on, perchance, e'en now,
  With all the fullness of a tide.

Each morn I saw thee, and I knew
  A fuller gladness in thy sight;
From thy unconscious look I drew
  The beam that fed my soul with light.

No laughter-loving nature thine,
  But earnest with a strong desire;
Not wholly human—scarce divine,
  But quickened with a soul's pure fire.

Thou wert to me a being far
  Above the count of common things,
And I behold thee as a star
  That calm unto my being brings.

For thronèd in my heaven still,
  I call on thee and find repose
Deep in the strong, unconquer'd will,
  That from the depths of grief uprose.

The heart hath other tears to shed
  Than find their fountain at the eyes;
Words that no tongue hath ever said,
  The soul's unutterable cries.

For thou hadst moved my heart to song
  That now my life may never know;
I can my sad note but prolong,
  Of tears that from my being flow.

TIME AND CHANGE.

FROM out the ashes of our day,
There rise new aims, bred of decay;
The passing hour, with banner furl'd,
Falls in the thunder of the world.

Eternal change! O, times forgot!
O, struggles fierce for what is not!
A gilded honour—empty name—
A phantom joy—a godless fame!

Souls of the past, O, breathe through me!
I cast my burning spirit free.
O, breathe through me your chastened fire,
And kindle all my soul's desire!

And let my song, or loud or low,
Still from my nobler being flow,
Inspirèd yet by truth sublime,
To reap the varied sweets of Time.

A REQUIEM.

SLEEP, gentle one! the world that cast
Its glooms athwart thy path
Must stay its rage o'er thee—at last
Thy heart deep slumber hath.

An hour of life is ours, full soon
Life's breathing waxeth low:
A day of sunlight, then the moon
Reigns o'er the summer's glow.

O perfect calm! what wonder men
Proclaim thy presence bright?
We live our little day, and then
Sleep in the lap of night.

God give me thus to sleep when life
Within me burneth dim,
And let the winds of heaven at strife
Be my sole requiem!

LOVE'S GIFTS.

O LARK, that soarest in the blue,
And heavenward lift'st thy gladsome lay,
My heart would breathe a measure true,
As now thy tuneful breast doth sway.

Perchance thou sing'st a love-lorn strain,
In that thy mate is reft from thee,
Yet doth thy bosom still retain
The record of her constancy.

O, perfect love! that riseth pure—
Triumphant over grief and death,
Love that shall still through time endure,
And flourish till the latest breath!

But I will sing glad songs the while,
  And touch my lyre in happy mood;
Love will repay me with a smile,
  For she is gentle, kind, and good.

And I will bring all treasures fair,
  To lay them duteous at her feet.
And lilies pale to crown her hair,
  And rosy blooms with odour sweet.

For whatso that the earth doth give
  Of fair and good, by right are thine;
And since my heart in thee doth live,
  The riches of the world are mine.

TWO FRIENDS: AN ALLEGORY.

I HAD two friends, and they to me
Were bountiful exceedingly;
And one was Life, and one was Death,
The sovereign lords of human breath.

And all the world was fair to view;
And everything was strange and new;
The earth was clad in summer's prime;
In sooth, it was a golden time!

I called my children to my knee,
And, O, my babes were dear to me!
I kissed them all, then bade them rest
For ever on my parent breast.

And then the sunshine passed away,
And opened chill the wintry day;
The land was deckt with silver rime,
And, O, it was a weary time!

My door flew ope: Death entered in,
He stretched his fingers long and thin,
And, O, he took my babes from me,
And then I wept in misery!

Behold, I looked again! and there
The Soul of Life rose pure and fair:
He wiped the teardrops from my face,
And soothed me with His healing grace.

"THE WIND COMES UP FROM THE SEA!"

SURGES and breath of the spray
And the wind comes up from the sea!
There's a voice in the roar of the breakers hoar
That is chanting a song to me!

The white wings gleam afar
Wide over the ocean-plain:
And the ships sail on when the light is gone,
And the dawn never breaks again.

But the children leap and play
By the verge of the summer sea:
And the suns shall set in the ages yet
Upon the deep mystery.

Surges and breath of the spray,
And the wind coming up from the sea!
But a voice in the roar of the breakers hoar
Still whispers the song to me!

THE MIGHTY DEAD.

THE tomb doth not enfold the mighty dead ;
The graven marble covers but their bones ;
The soul dwells with us, though the form be fled,
And sepulchred beneath its burial stones.
Insatiate Death ! their ashes shall be thine,
Imperishable are their souls divine !

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A CAGED LINNET.

O BETTER far the lordly range,
Though fraught with perils dire and strange ;
To breathe the air of heaven, and feel
The dewy calms of morning steal
About the heathy knolls !
Could I have ta'en a song from thee,
Its mystic melody to me
Had serv'd to prove the prison'd mind
Cut off from love of human kind
Is death to human souls !

ABSENCE.

HER radiant presence filled the place
With all a seraph's sovereign grace,
But, passing hence, you then might trace
A sadness in the throng.

A POET'S GRAVE.

UPON some lonely mountain-head,
What time my death shall be,
Where streams with freshening rains are fed,
There let me slumber free.
There let the chainless tempests rave
Above my nameless mountain-grave
With God's own glorious harmony.
O, sing no dirge! but leave me there
Upon the mountains, far and fair—
Unto Eternity!

LINES WRITTEN IN NORTH WALES.

AH, peaks that rise! ah, streams that flow!
Ah, tide that laps the shore!
Inspire my soul that I may know
The secret of your lore!
Cool vales! would that 'twere ever mine
To know your restful calm divine!
Or, by the weedy shore to lie:
To hear the inward breakers roll,
With naught to stir the quiet soul
Save the lone sea-bird's cry!

A MELODY.

MIRTH, attend, and youthful prime
Stay the forward march of Time!
Come with pleasures in your train,
For the heart and for the brain;
Swiftly come, and stay with me,
Bid the hours go merrily!
And with laughter, and with song,
Deep the forest glades among,
We will sit at ease, and sing
Joy to every living thing!

Come then, Mirth, and Pleasure, too,
Robed in weeds of lively hue!
Harp and flute together playing,
While above us, high-upstaying,
Nature folds her boughs, that be
Our sweet woodland canopy!

Can the forest wake again
Echoes of that early strain,
Which the vocal woods of old
Gave—as poets oft have told?
Here beneath the leafy trees
Trip no more the Dryades:
Pan is dumb, and past away
All that marked his primal sway.
Let it be. The woods are mine;
And the ample song divine;
And the mountain-streamlet falling;
Throstle from the tree-top calling;
All the sounds, and all the voices—
All that mirthful youth rejoices,
These are mine, for aye to be
A perpetual melody!

"THE SPRING HATH ITS BLOSSOM."

THE spring hath its blossom,
And June hath its rose;
And youth hath its beauty,
And life hath its woes!

The chill comes with autumn,
The flowers they fade;
And age, with its sorrow,
Hath passed to the shade!

TO MY MOTHER.

TAKE, mother, since thou hold'st them dear,
These songs that find a record here;
For if they seem but fair to you
Then know I that their tones be true.
If, in this world of toil and care,
The respite unto sweets be rare,
Should we not then the more rejoice
That Beauty still doth lend her voice;
And where the wheels of Life go round,
Her gracious presence yet is found?

Ah, in this path of life we tread,
Upon the poet's brow is shed
A cloud of pain that finds its birth
In hearts of suffering sons of earth;
So much of woe, so much of shame,
And man himself but still to blame.
Dear God! when shall this wailing cease,
And earth wake to its reign of Peace?

So thou, than most, hast had thy share
Of this perpetual dower of care;
But on thy brow, by grace divine,
I see the hopeful morning shine,
And in the light of those dear eyes
I watch the gleams of love arise!

The Future beckons—let us go
Where all the streams of morning flow,
And in some palace of delight
Put by these cares of earthly blight.
Methinks I see a vision gleam
In all the beauty of a dream,
Of pageants fair, and hours of song,
When Time shall sweetly pace along;
Of budding Springs, and sunny Junes;
And all the Autumn's random tunes;
And Winter, with his cloak of grey,
His festal mirth, and roundelay;
But bring the Future what it will,
I'll pipe my happy music still.

SONNETS.

TO A CHILD.

SWEET child, a very sunbeam thou dost stray
Athwart this path of life, so dark and drear!
Mine eyes are dim—thy gaze is fresh and clear;
Joyous thou movest on thy youthful way.
Perchance full sadder lore is mine than may
Be thy life's portion, yet I do not fear
But that I shall have guerdon doubly dear
In that fair dawn of an eternal day.

Smile thou, my sunbeam! may thy days be full
Of pure delights and healthful merriment!
So from each passing summer thou may'st cull
Such sweets as unto men from heaven are sent.
Ah, could we not make life more beautiful,
Were it with childhood's love more often blent?

TO ENGLAND.

RARELY to thee, O, England! hath been born
A time so fraught with perils, and the flame
Of fierce dissension!—But shall thy great name
Be coupled with pale fear? or, shall thy morn
Give place to hideous night?—What thought forlorn
Do ye give ear to? Have we hearts the same
As beat heroic in the past? What tame
Submission e'er shall bend our pride—or scorn,
Trick'd out in alien garb, draw forth the rage
That sleeps within thy bosom?—Let them rail!
Wake, England! in thine own good time, to wage
Indignant war 'gainst these! Thou shalt not fail!
If but the nations touch thine heritage,
Then lead thy navy forth with purple sail!

January, 1896.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

"*A mind content both crown and kingdom is.*"
—ROBERT GREENE.

HOW blest is he, remote from public cares,
Who dwelleth much apart! Nature, to him,
A garment of perpetual beauty wears,
That grows not ever sere: and all things hymn
Their songs of gladness—making melody
More sweet to hear than is the ceaseless stir
And bustle of the world. This were to be
Rich in full measure, and might well confer
A crown, though not of empire, rich in good,
And mightier than a kingship. This to me
Were world enough—to pluck celestial food—
Eternal nourishment—that aye should free
The soul from pains, and minister sweet calms
To the quiet dweller 'midst the world's alarms.

THE SILENT LAND.

"Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay."

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

AS rolls the tide along the weedy shore
At morn and eve, obedient to the moon,
So doth mine eye behold, at summer's noon,
The bright sun overhead full radiance pour
Athwart the realms of earth: thus evermore
Until the end of Time, or late, or soon,
Shall Nature still move on, nor taste the boon
That comes of peace at length—Ah, me! what store
Of Hope doth dwell within that future day,
When I into the silent land shall pass,
And the red hands of death do clutch their prey;
To tread no more upon the dewy grass—
Or, with these eyes, behold the morning grey
Wake hedgerows to the snowy blooms of May!

JOHN HEYWOOD, Printer and Bookbinder, Deansgate,
Manchester.

JOHN HEYWOOD, Printer and Bookbinder, Deansgate,
Manchester.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.